THE Numb. 104.

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, July 21, to Friday, July 28, 1738.

Potomack, July 14, 1738.

Mr. *Parks*,

SINCE *John Doe* won't have me *ſneak off in a private Letter*, I muſt deſire you to print theſe. His publiſhing my firſt to Dr. *Chew*, mutilated; his appealing to that worthy Gentleman; and his attempting to involve him in his own Shame, put upon me an Obligation of ſhewing publickly, how well I can diſtinguiſh Perſons of ſo different a Character.

I am Your, *&c.*

J. J. HUBER.

Copy of a Second Letter of J. J. Huber, *to Dr.* S. Chew.

Weſt River, Tueſday, June 27, 1738.

SIR,

I THOUGHT I had finiſhed with *John Doe*; but ſince, under the fictitious Names of *Doe*, *Roe*, or *Conſtant Cuſtomer*, I perceive he begins to unmask himſelf, I have one Word more to ſay to him. By his anſwering, the Second of *June*, to a private Letter wrote to you the Firſt, I plainly ſee there is no quicker nor ſurer Way to converſe with him; and ſince he has drawn you ſo unmannerly into the Queſtion, 'tis but a Piece of Juſtice to put you in the Confidence.

It was really, *Sir*, a groſs Abuſe for *John Doe*, to attempt to confound himſelf with you, who are ſo much unlike him in Character and Manners: But could I imagine ſuch an Abuſe would be made of a private Letter to you? You'll not refuſe me the Juſtice to own, it was not in the Power of *John Doe* to do it, without mutilating the ſame Letter. *What a Difference* (did I ſay to put you out of all Queſtion) *would there have been, if your Affairs had given you Leave to be as good as your Word, and to write yourſelf about this Propoſal? Inſtead of unmannerly Quibbles, falſe Reaſoning, falſer and more odious Conſequences, which don't deſerve an Anſwer from me, I ſhould have been helped and encouraged by my Adverſary's good Manners and Fairneſs, to ſet the Queſtion in a true Light. Setting one another in the Right, the Publick would have been able to decide and reſolve ſooner upon its true Intereſts.* Thoſe were my Expreſſions; you know it: Had *John Doe* not cut off this whole Paragraph of my Letter deſignedly, could he ever have ridiculouſly ſuppos'd, the Words *fetid Ulcers*, ſo plainly, ſo properly applied to his Writings, had been directed againſt your Perſon and Profeſſion? Nobody, I think, but himſelf, could be capable of making ſuch Alluſions, or imagining them in others. Did he want that Opportunity to make himſelf merry with my *crooked, Monkey-like, deformed, execrable Shape?* But in Relation to that, I can be as merry as himſelf. Was it then a Fear to loſe that poor and ſmall Comfort of giving to my Shape, ſuch, if not ſofter Epithets, than his Neighbours, where-ever he has been, his Friends, and his neareſt Relations, beſtow unanimouſly upon his Mind, Nature, and Practices? It is the Public's Buſineſs, and yours, *Sir*, to give to that voluntary Omiſſion its due Name; for me, it ſaves me the Trouble of drawing *John Doe*'s Picture more at Length.

But how could the poor Man ever pretend I ſhould have *a fair open Battle with him?* How could he miſtake a juſt Contempt for the moſt ungrounded Fear? How could he appeal to the Public, whether my Letter was a full Anſwer to him, when he gives that Letter mutilated? In that ſame omitted Paragraph, and in his Care of concealing himſelf, he could have found juſt Reaſons for my Silence. Does not this give you the Idea of an *Italian Bravaccio*, who, armed with a treacherous Wind-Gun, and ſheltered up to the Eyes, behind a Hedge or a Dunghil, braggs he expected his Enemy would come to him Sword in Hand; and growing mad to ſee himſelf laughed at and deſpiſed, huffs and bounces, 'til he meets with a due Match or Reward?

The Letter publiſhed under the Name of a *Planter*, I never claimed, nor diſclaimed; but far from being aſhamed of it, I took openly Care to have it printed under my Eyes, at *Williamsburg*. The Queſtion was, If 900 *lbs.* of Tobacco weighed here, would go to Sale at *London*, for 843 *lbs.* as the Calculator had aſſerted? It was obſerved how abſurd this Suppoſition was, ſince Trett being 33 *lbs.* Drafts and Samples 10 *lbs.* at leaſt, the natural Waſte even reduced, as he ſuppoſes himſelf, to 18 *lbs.* there was no Account made of real Country or Sea Damages; no Account made of Pilferage, where-ever it may be made. The Author of the Letter thought then himſelf in the Right, to ſuppoſe the common Loſs, was of 100 *lbs.* upon an Hogſhead of 900 *lbs.* But how? *Let us*, ſays he, *take the Half (of* 200*) for a common Loſs, Trett and Drafts*, &c. *included.* In the Calculation annexed to the Letter, this *N B.* is to be read; *The Reduction (of* 900 *to* 800*) is a moderate one for Trett, Drafts, Samples, Damages, Waſte*, &c. Could he have ſpoken more plainly? Was the ſame Meaning not equally plain in the *Pennſylvania Gazette*'s Copy, printed far from me? What could it then be elſe, but mere *Wickedneſs or Stupidity*, to miſunderſtand it, and to affirm that either Merchants or Sailors were accuſed by me of applying to their proper Uſe all that Loſs of Weight; eſpecially having always been ſo cautious both in Print and Converſation, to remove from any Man living, any Imputation of Blame on this Account?

The Omiſſion of the Names of Mr. *Diggs*, Mr. *Cole*, and Mr. *Francis*, left out by *John Doe*, in the printing of my Letter to you, agrees exactly with all the reſt. You have, *Sir*, undoubtedly, ſhewn him the Anſwer you had from Mr. *Diggs*, of 4 Hogſheads, which have loſt above 200 each. He might have known very near the ſame from Mr. *Cole*: He might have ſeen in Mr. *Francis*'s Hands, an Account of 18 or 20 Hogſheads, which have loſt each above 70. He challenges me to produce Names: I produce them: He ſuppreſſes them: Be ſo good to tell me the Name of ſuch a Proceeding. Poor *John Doe*! But it is not all. He is inform'd, he ſays, Gentlemen in *Virginia* find only a Loſs of 2 *per Cent.* If he had told a Loſs of 2 *per Cent.* for the firſt Day, or two Months, 1 *per Cent.* for each Month after, he would have begun once to ſpeak Truth; for ſo much is allowed to the Inſpectors for *Tranſfer Tobacco*. But beſides, don't they ſupport the Trett, which is very near 4 *per Cent.* the Drafts, Samples, Country, and Sea Damages, Waſte at Sea and at Home, *&c. Riſum teneatis amici.*

Our *John* goes further about *Virginia*, and with the ſame Truth and Sincerity, reckoning my Succeſs there is confined to 328 Hogſheads. Does he mean the 328 Hogſheads ſubſcribed in the firſt Morning, before the Subſcriptions were printed, not by ſome few Gentlemen, but by the moſt Part of the Council, after a long and ſerious

Conference,

Conference, and by other Gentlemen of Note, being that Day at *Williamsburg*? The Agreement made in *Virginia* is ſuch a public Tranſaction; the Number of Hogſheads ſubſcribed, ſo far exceeding that Account, even in the Time *John Doe* wrote; the whole Fact is ſo much out of the Reach of Quibbles, or impertinent Falſhoods, that I willingly allow poor *John* to make himſelf as merry or ridiculous about it, as he can: But don't you compaſſionate with me, *Sir*, the miſerable Condition of thoſe Wretches, who, pretending to hide their Shame and Confuſion, heap upon themſelves new Confuſion and Shame.

I don't underſtand very well the Senſe of the Word *Gulling*, applied by *John Doe* to me, or to the Author of that *famous Advertiſement*. I hear it is a Technical Word very dear to *John Doe*: I hear that Talent has been always familiar to him, and that he has valued himſelf on it; tho' by a long and too well known Practice, it is now rendered almoſt uſeleſs to him. Poor trifling Buſy-Body! Why does he always perceive, always ſuppoſe his own Nature in others? How could he be ſo ignorant of the *Philadelphians* good Underſtanding, as to believe his Warning neceſſary againſt an unſubſcribed and vague Advertiſement? Did he never find by Experience, they were not ſo eaſily *gulled*? Would they have taken Engagements for their Ships, without proper Securities? With proper Securities, would they have run any Riſque?

But the *Does* muſt be buſy: Not able to acquire a good Fame, they would have an extenſive one: They ſcribble for that Effect, and with Confidence, becauſe they ſet a great Value upon their own Wit; little or none upon other Mens Senſe. They intrude themſelves into other Peoples Affairs; but never to their own Coſt. They want, or at leaſt hope, to ſtifle the Complaints of their private Practices, and unjuſt Differences of their own raiſing, in the Noiſe of public Concerns. They are under no Apprehenſion of Shame, becauſe they are paſt it. Let then our good *John Doe* exert his Talents about this, as much as his Conſtitution, Temper, or Wants, require: Other People will be quiet in the mean while. I leave him then to himſelf and to his Pen; and under the Hands of Perſons, who, unwilling to be *gulled*, have it fully in their Power to unmask him.

You are wiſe and prudent, *Sir*, and I ſhall not intrude my Advice on you; tho' it ſeems to me, it would be but juſt, if yourſelf would oblige him to unmask totally, ſince he has drawn you ſo uncivilly into the Queſtion. But I hope, at leaſt, that if you communicate to him this Letter, as you did the former, you'll oblige him, for your own Sake, to print the Whole fairly and honeſtly, as you would do yourſelf, without Aſterisks or Mutilation. It is a Juſtice you owe to yourſelf, and to me,

Who am, *Sir*, &c.

P. S. I hope, Sir, you'll excuſe here, many Faults of Language, unavoidable in a Foreigner, who never attempted to write in *Engliſh*, but in *Maryland*, to defend himſelf againſt Abuſes he is not uſed to bear. If you had been nearer at Hand, and at Leiſure, I make no doubt you would have help'd me with a better Stile. Since you have told often, not only to me but to others, you lik'd *this Plan* or *ſecond Propoſal*, you deſired heartily to ſee it put in Execution, it has always ſeemed to me, that You and I, as well as the *Public*, had a common Enemy in *John Doe*. What a Pity, Sir, what a Loſs is it not, to that ſame *Public*, that you have not undertaken to do him Juſtice. If you ſhould ever have ſo much Time or Inclination, Materials (and new ones) would not be wanted.

Copy of another LETTER *to Dr.* CHEW.

Weſt-River, July 8, 1738.

SIR,

NOT knowing if my Friend, *the Conſtant Cuſtomer*, has got my laſt Letter to you, and deſigns it for the Preſs, I have ſome Mind to print it my ſelf, with ſome other Papers relating to the *Tobacco-Trade*, could I hope to join to them by your Means, a material Pamphlet of Yours, under the Name of *Ferdinando Fair-trade*, which muſt certainly cruſh into Pieces the foul-mouth'd Tribe of the *Does*, and ſet the whole Thing in a true Light. Mr. *Thomas*, who had, the laſt Year, the Original, wrote and interlin'd by your ſelf, cannot readily find it.

You may object to me, Sir, that this Paper is too ſevere, by far, and ſwarms with Abuſes and Reproaches, both in Facts and Words, againſt the *London* Merchants, which no body, unleſs tranſported by a violent Paſſion, would chuſe to write and to print; that it was then your Caſe, and that now, in cooler Blood, you would be loth to expreſs your ſelf in that Manner.

We are exactly of the ſame Mind, Sir; and as I always carefully avoided, both in Converſation and in Print, to ſay, or even to inſinuate any thing of that Kind; as you have formerly pleaded that Cauſe which is now mine; as *John Doe* appeals to Yourſelf; I want only to extract from that Letter, the naked and the plain Reaſons which may clear the Matter, and to ſupport that Cauſe with all the Weight of your Authority.

Be then ſo good, Sir, as to direct me in this: *Ferdinando Fair-trade*'s Pamphlet, purged by you, of all abuſive Expreſſions, ſhall be printed by me accordingly, look more like your ſelf, and fit better the Purpoſe of a Man, who having Truth and good Reaſons of his Side, can very well ſupport his Cauſe with Coolneſs of Mind, and within the Bounds of good Manners.

I am Your, &c. *J. J. H.*

From the London Evening-Poſt, March 30, 1738.

THE following Letter was tranſmitted to us by a Perſon of Worth and Figure in the City; and, if requir'd, can be atteſted to be genuine, by a Merchant of Reputation. If any *Briton* can read it without a heavy Heart and a wet Eye, at the unparallel'd Sufferings of his unhappy Countrymen now in *Spaniſh* Chains, and the keeneſt Reſentments of the Wrongs done to his Country, he muſt be a Barbarian in his Nature, and a *Confederate* with the Deſtroyers of *Britain*. A *due Chaſtiſement* of the *Conſul* plac'd in *Cadiz*, would ſhew a juſt Reſentment of his Conduct, and *Neglect* of his Majeſty's Subjects in BONDAGE to *Spain*. The unfortunate, deſponding *Bruch*, implores the Notice and Aſſiſtance of his Country to bring him out of SLAVERY, which it is not to be doubted he will obtain, and *Britain* too receive due and publick Satisfaction for the atroce Affronts put upon her by the *Spaniards*, ſince no Man among us, whatever Subterfuges and Tricks he may have Recourſe to for the Service of his *Corruptors*, dare now openly defend the Conduct of the Court of *Madrid*. The unhappy Writer complains too of the Neglect and Hard-heartedneſs of the *Engliſh* Merchants at *Cadiz*, to their Countrymen now devouring by Vermin, and ſtifling with Filth in Dungeons juſt under their Noſes: But alas, poor Man! he does not conſider that the leaſt outward Mark of Compaſſion in them would be conſtrued to their Diſadvantage by the *Spaniſh* Government, and perhaps expoſe them to the ſame Fate with thoſe they pitied. Reader! we ſhall detain you no longer from the Letter itſelf; we have not made the leaſt Alteration in the Orthography; we have neither added nor diminiſhed a Tittle: It will put you to the Teſt; and before you get half way, you will fully diſcover whether you are really a *Briton*, or a *Spaniolized Engliſhman*.

From the Crakars near Cadiz, in Spain, Feb. 8, 173$\frac{8}{9}$.

MY Dear Life, this with my Dear Love to you, and Bleſſing to my Dear Children, and to acquant you that I am in good Health, as is all our Ship's Company that are at this miſarable Place, wich I hope God will contenue. I have writ you one Letter before this, ſince we came to this Place, and two to Mr. Ellam, and one to Mr. Aday, wharin I have told you the Natar of our Confinment and Slavery, and we are ſtill in the ſame Condiſhion, without any Liklywood of any Releſe. My Dear, my Trobles is ſo greet that I am not able to expreſs,

pres, to think that I ſhold be youſed in that mannar, without being gullty of the leſt Crime; butt I hope that when our Cafe comes to be laid before our King and Conſele that we ſhall have ſome Relefe, to obtayn wich I hope that our Oners will youſe thare uttermoſt Indevers. My Dear, I am in greet Payn for you to think how you have ſubſiſteed this long Winter; but I hope ſome good Frind or other has had ſom Compaſion of you and my dear Children; for now is the Time that trew Frendſhip is to be tried, one Frind in Adverſity is worth 20 in Proſperity. I hop that Mr. Brown will not turn you out of Doars till ſuch Tims as you hear farther of our Afairs. When I wrot to you from the Havanna, I told you of ſum Mony that was oing to me by Chriſtopher Ellimſton, wich I hop you have receved. Give my Sarves to Mr. Stanton, and tell him that I am ſory that Things ſhold haping ſo unluky, but it is not in my Power to help; but when ever it is he ſhall be fuly ſatesfied. I have not writ to Chatham ſince we came here; but I ſopoſe thay are no Staregers to our Afars, ill News flis faſt anoſe; however, remember me to them all, and all others home you find to be your Frind's. As for the Situaſion of the Place ware we are, it is upon a ſort of a Maſh, it is likewiſe incompaſſ'd round with Watter and whell garded with Solders, it is the Place ware all the King of Spains Men of War lay, and here is the Sale for all Sortes of Criminalls, and I am one of the Number; here is Men here for all maner of Crimes, ſome for thare Lives, and others for a ſarten Time, acorden to the Nathur of thare Crime; but what our Crime is, or how longe we are to be here I no not. Our Alowanc of Victles is, as I told you before, a brown Loſe a Day, at None we have as much Saltfiſh for teen Men as wold ſarve 3, and we are forſt to drink the Watter it is boyl'd in to ſatasfy Nather, at Night we have ſom roten Benes full of Buggs, a Sampell of wich I ſhall bring with me, if ever I ſi old be ſo hapay as to ſee England. My Dear, I hope that our Cafe will be more taking Noteſe of with our Gentlemen at home than it is here, for our Conſle at Cadiz takes no more Notes of us then if he had not heard of us. Here is Mony allowd by Act of Parlamant for the Relefe of Briteſh Subjects in Deſtres, and I am whell aſſuried that there never was any Men in more Nede than we are; one Month have we paſed away in this deteſtable Place, althow but 4 Miles from Cadiz, whare there is a Conſle and a greet Number of Engleſh Merchants, yett not any that takes the leſt Accompt of this our Deſtres. What the Mining of this ill yuſeg is I am not able to ſay; if it had been War time we cold but have been made Priſinors, butt now we are both Priſinors and Slaves, without the leſt Diſtenction. Here is 300 and od Men in on Place, all in Chains, whare, after we come from Work, we are all lockt in till Day-light, and then to work again. Such a Sight is here to behold, that it wold ſhock the moſt undaunted Man in the World; here is nothing butt Rags and Liſe, and ſuch as ſtink of Povarty and other felthy Smeles. Good God, for inocent Men to be youſed thus is a ſhocking thing. If you haping to be ſike, they ask you if you are a Chriſthion; yes, I am; no, you Engleſhmen are no Chriſtſhions, and they take no more Nottes of you then if you ware a Dogg. Sundays and working Days are all alike with us, and we have no time to compoſe our ſelves ither to ſarve God or our ſelefs. The ill yuſeg that we have met with is, I think, a Scandle to our Nation; but I hope, when thay underſtand how Things are thay will oping there Eyes. Cary this Letter to Mr. Newman, and give my Sarves to him, and deſire him to take this Letter to Peces and ſhow it to home he will, for I vow to God it is mater of fact, and I could ſay ten times as much more, but I believe thare is Letters before this much more to the Purpus. So, my dear Sole, I ſalut you with a tender Kiſe and my dear Children, hoping that God will aſſiſt you, and bleſs and preſarve you, wich is the conſtant Prayers of your ever loving Husband tell Death.

THO. BRUCH.

Not haveing Opertunety to ſend this when I firſt wrote ſo tell you I am ſtele in Health.

Febry the 19, 173⅞.

Laſt Week his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle receiv'd a Letter from Mr. Keen, our Miniſter at the Court of Spain, with an Account, that upon his Repreſentations and Interceſſion to the Spaniſh Court, Monſ. de la Quadra had ſent an Order to Cadiz, to releaſe the Engliſh Sailors there; whereupon 71 unhappy Wretches, who were impriſoned and had ſuffer'd great Hardſhips, were diſcharg'd, and being ſupply'd privately, were put on board an Engliſh Ship, and are returning to their native Country.

On Tueſday laſt there was the fulleſt Houſe of Commons, that has been known for many Years, at the Debate on the Merchants Petition againſt the Spaniſh Depradations, there being 468 Members in the Houſe.

Yeſterday a great Number of People of both Sexes, who came from different Parts of the Counties of Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford, &c. in order to go to Georgia, were brought to and near Town, in order to go the firſt Opportunity to that Colony.

Laſt Week a Team of five Horſes and a Waggon with 2500 Weight of Tea, was ſeiz'd near Chicheſter in Suſſex, by two Cuſtom-houſe Officers, aſſiſted by a Guard of Soldiers.

On Sunday laſt, Mr. Forſter, Surveyor-General of the River, ſeiz'd a conſiderable Quantity of Tea at Woolwich, hid under ſome Hoop-Petticoats. The Owners of thoſe Goods could be no experienc'd Smugglers, as is plain by their Choice of ſo improper a Place for Concealment, the Cuſtom-houſe Officers being generally remarkable for having a natural Itch to rummage under the Petticoats. ---- For, ſome Time ſince, a Cuſtom-houſe Officer being in the Pit at the Play-houſe, went to put his Hands up one of the Orange Wenches Petticoats, but the Girl knew him, and cry'd out, How now, Mr. *Tide-Waiter*, there is nothing there *but what has been fairly Enter'd.*

On Tueſday Night laſt, Mr. Handel had *an Oratorio* for his Benefit, at the Opera-houſe in the Hay-market; their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Wales were preſent; there was the greateſt and moſt polite Audience ever ſeen there; and 'tis thought Mr. Handel could not get leſs that Night than 1500l. It's imagin'd there will be no more Operas after this Seaſon, and the *Italian Struggelers* will be ſent home; for now, the People of Quality ſeem to prefer *Senſe*, to *Sound and Nonſenſe.*

London, *April* 1. Laſt Thurſday his Grace the D. of Marlborough kiſs'd the King's Hand, at St. James's, for the Regiment of Foot lately commanded by Brigadier General Murray, deceas'd, now in the Leward Iſlands.

The ſame Day General Oglethorp's Regiment march'd thro' London, in their Way to the Sea Coaſt, in order to embark for Georgia, & made a handſome Appearance.

London, *April* 4. Yeſterday their Graces the Duke and Dutcheſs of Devonſhire, arriv'd at their Houſe in Piccadilly, with a numerous Retinue, from Ireland; and ſoon after his Grace waited on his Majeſty at St. James's, and was Moſt graciouſly receiv'd.

We hear, that about 30 Sailors, who have been in Slavery in Spain, and *lately* releas'd, are arriv'd from on board ſome Ships lately come from Cadiz.

Sunday being Eaſter-Day, the ſame was obſerv'd at Court as a high Feſtival, when the Knights Companions of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, Thiſtle, and Bath, appear'd in the Collars of their reſpective Orders; at Noon his Majeſty, his Royal Highneſs the Duke, and the Princeſſes Amelia, Caroline and Mary, preceded by the Heralds and Purſuivants at Arms, and attended by ſeveral of the Nobility, went to the Chapel Royal, and heard a Sermon preach'd by the Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Dean of Exeter, and Sub-Almoner (in the Abſence of the Archbiſhop of York.) The Sword of State was carry'd before his Majeſty, to and from the Chapel, by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, Maſter of the Horſe to the King. After Divine Service, his Majeſty, the Duke, and the Princeſſes Amelia, Caroline, and Mary, receiv'd the Holy Communion from the Hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Edmund Gibſon, Lord Biſhop of London, being aſſiſted by the Biſhop of Hereford, Clerk of the Cloſet to his Majeſty.

The

The ſame Day, their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Wales receiv'd the Sacrament from the Hands of the Biſhop of Oxford, at St. James's Church.

WILLIAMSBURG, July 28.

A Negro Ship conſign'd to the Hon. *Thomas Lee*, Eſq; lately arriv'd at *Hampton*, and is gone up to *Potomack*.

A Ship belonging to Mr. *Theophilus Pugh*, of *Nanſemond*, is lately arriv'd in *Nanſemond*, in 13 Weeks, from *Briſtol*.

We hear from *Henrico* County, That on *Thurſday*, the 13th Inſtant, the Rev. Mr. *William Stith* was married to Miſs *Judith Randolph*, Siſter of *William Randolph*, Eſq; of *Tuckahoe*; an agreeable Lady, with a very conſiderable Fortune. And,

On *Thurſday*, the 20th Inſtant, Mr. *Peter Randolph*, Son of the Hon. *William Randolph*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Lucy Bolling*, Daughter of Col. *Robert Bolling*, of *Prince George* County, a very deſerving young Lady, with a pretty Fortune.

The Ship *Ceſar*, Capt. *John Harwood*, clear'd out at *Hampton*, laſt *Friday*, for *London*.

Capt. *Friend*, Capt. *Waff*, and Capt. *Danſey*, are expected down the River every Day to *York*, to clear out for *London*: As is alſo Capt. *Beale*, for *Briſtol*.

The Ship *Mortimer*, Capt. *Lanſdon*, ſail'd on *Tueſday* laſt out of *York* River, for *Briſtol*.

*** *This Paper*, No 104, *completes the Second Year.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

July 24, 1738.

WHEREAS Subſcriptions have been taken to Mr. Huber's *Plan, for the Purchaſe of Tobacco, in divers Parts of this Colony: And it being neceſſary to know the Number of Hogſheads ſubſcrib'd for, that Ships may be provided, and other Meaſures taken, for the Execution of the ſaid Plan; all Gentlemen who have taken or ſhall take Subſcriptions, are deſired to ſend an Account of the Number of Hogſheads ſubſcribed for, to Mr.* Edward Barradall, *in* Williamsburg, *before the laſt Day of* Auguſt.

King George *County*, July 28, 1738.

THE Reverend Clergy, and other Gentlemen, who have been ſo good as to procure any Subſcriptions for a Book, intituled, An Eſſay towards rendering the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, more eaſy and agreeable to the Capacities of Children; alſo to advance them in the better Underſtanding their Native Tongue, *are deſired to return the ſame, aſſoon as may be, by any favourable Opportunity, to Mr.* Parks, *the Printer hereof; or by the Poſt, directed for the Subſcriber, to the Care of Mr.* Benger, *at* New-Poſt; *and they will very much oblige their* *Moſt obedient, humble Servant,*

CHARLES PEALE.

P. S. *It is humbly hoped, that the Subſcribers will excuſe this Book's not being delivered at the Time propoſed, ſince the Delay has been chiefly occaſioned by the making of ſome conſiderable Improvements, in order to render the ſame as uſeful as poſſible, and capable of fully anſwering the Deſign thereof.*

RAN away, on Saturday *the* 15*th Inſtant, at Night, from Mr.* Humphry Brooke, *in* King William *County, a Servant Man, nam'd* John Harris, *a* Welſhman: *He had on a light colour'd Kerſey Coat, Nicarees Waſtecoat, and Duroy Breeches, a brown Linen Shirt, and worſted Cap.*

A Negro Man, nam'd Abraham, *belonging to Col.* George Braxton, *of* King *and* Queen *County: He is a luſty ſtout young Fellow, about* 25 *Years of Age; is bowlegg'd: He has with him a Cloth colour'd Coat, and ſeveral other Sorts of wearing Apparel. He is a Shoemaker by Trade.*

And a Negro Man, nam'd Windſor, *belonging to the Subſcriber, of the ſame County; he is about* 5 *Feet and a Half high, very ſquare, and ſtrong made, about* 20 *Years of Age. He has a black Cloth Coat, full trimm'd, and ſome other Apparel. The Negroes are both* Virginia *born, and are ſenſible Fellows. They went away by Water, and 'tis ſuppos'd will endeavour for* Carolina, *the* Eaſtern *Shore, or up the Bay.*

Whoever will ſecure the ſaid Runaways, and bring them to me, in King *and* Queen *County,* Virginia, *ſhall have Six Piſtoles Reward, or Two Piſtoles for each, beſides what the Law allows, paid by*

George Braxton, *Jun.*

RAN away from the Subſcriber, living in King George *County, about the Eighth of* June *laſt, a Servant Man, nam'd* William Pottle: *He is a thick well-ſet Fellow, of a dark Complexion, about* 30 *Years of Age, ſpeaks broad* Engliſh, *and pretends to be a Husbandman. He took away with him, a Fuſtian Coat, and a Pair of Breeches, two Oznabrigg Shirts, a Pair of ſtrong* Engliſh *Shoes, a Pair of Yarn Stockings, and a Felt Hat. Whoever will ſecure the ſaid Servant, ſo as he be ſent to his Maſter, ſhall have a Piſtole Reward, beſides what the Law allows, paid by* Thomas Turner.

RAN away from Coggan's Point *on James River, oppoſite to Col.* Byrd's, 3 *Negro Men, viz.* Baſil, *a luſty, well-made, black Negro,* Virginia *born, about* 25 *Years of Age.* Gloceſter, *a tall, ſlim, black Negro, about* 30 *Years of Age.* Sam, *a Tawny, well made,* Madagaſcar *Negro, about* 30 *Years of Age: They went away in a Canoe on* Sunday *the* 25*th of* June *laſt; they were ſeen to go down the River: They had each of them on old Cotton Waſtecoats and Breches, and old Oznabriggs Shirts; and 'tis ſuppoſed carried with them ſeveral Sorts of old Cloaths they had got of their Neighbours, either bought or ſtole, beſides a ſmall Cask of ſalt Fiſh, and ſome Corn. Whoever ſecures them ſo as their Maſter may get them, ſhall have Twenty Shillings for each, beſides what the Law allows, and all reaſonable Charges, paid by me* Nathaniel Harriſon.

RAN away about the Twentieth of April *laſt, from* Huntington, *in* Surry *County, a Negro Man, named* Davy, *belonging to Col.* Francis Willis, *of* Glouceſter *County. He is an antient Fellow, of a middle Stature, and thin Viſage. Had on, when he went away, an Ozbrig Shirt, and* Virginia *Cloth Breeches; and is ſuppos'd to have taken with him, another Oznabrig Shirt, a Cotton Jacket, a Pair of old plain Shoes, and* Iriſh *Stockings. Two Years ago, he ran away, and got to* Edenton, *in* North-Carolina, *and called his Name* Sam; *it is thought he is gone the ſame Way again. Whoever will bring the ſaid Slave to* Huntington, *in* Surry *County, ſhall have a Piſtole Reward, beſides what the Law allows, paid by* William Skipwith.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

THE GENTLEMAN'S POCKET-FARRIER. *Shewing how to* chuſe *a good Horſe; how to* uſe *him on a Journey; and what* Remedies *are proper for common Misfortunes that may befal him on the* Road.

---------- Queis gratior uſus Equorum,
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna.

By Capt. WILLIAM BURDON. London *Printed: and Re-printed, and Sold by* W. Parks, *in* Williamsburg. *Price ſtitch'd Two Bits, bound Three Bits.*

THIS is to give Notice, That on the 2*d of this Inſtant* July, *one* Thomas Bell, *alias* Francis-Partridge Hutchinſon, *who was committed to* Iſle of Wight *County Goal, for Felony, made his Eſcape from* John Rodway, *the Conſtable of that County, as he was carrying him to Priſon. He is a middle-ſiz'd Man, with his own Hair, and had on a Brown colour'd Broadcloth Coat, lin'd with Aſh colour'd Silk, which has had a Rent in the Back of it. This is therefore to deſire all Perſons to aid and aſſiſt in taking up the ſaid Felon, ſo that he may be brought to Juſtice, and they ſhall be ſatisfy'd for their Trouble, by me* John Rodway.

Williamsburg: Printed by W. PARKS. By whom Subſcriptions are taken in for this Paper, at 15 *s. per Ann.* And BOOK-BINDING is done reaſonably, in the beſt Manner.